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{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Never lose a chance of saying a kind word.

Charity is not an action; it is life.—*Leibnitz.*

To do so no more is the truest repentance.—*Luther.*

There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.—*Lander.*

Truth is like a torch; when shaken it shines.—*Magoon.*

Nothing can be great which is not right.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Have not one statement in thy heart, and another on thy lips.

If you would lift me you must be on higher ground.—*Emerson.*

What we ought not to do we should not think of doing.—*Epictetus.*

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.—*Diderot.*

Some people only understand enough of a truth to reject it.—*George M. Donald.*

In all thou sayest, adhere to truth; permit not thy mouth in lying.—*Phocylides.*

In charity there is no excess; neither can angel nor man come to danger by it.—*Lord Bacon.*

There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.

A man who can govern himself with judgment and without fear of what others may say of him, has the secret of all true power.

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose; and who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

We have not wings, we can not soar; But we have feet to scale and climb By slow degrees by more and more, The cloudy summits of our time.

Nor deem the irreverent Past As wholly wasted, wholly vain, If, rising on its wrecks, at last To something nobler we attain.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

To the hero when his sword Has won the battle for the free, Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word; And in his hollow tones are heard The thanks of millions yet to be!

Wherever unselfish love is the main-spring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, we are sure to attain all the happiness the world can bestow.

The Day of Judgment.—As Contained in The Law of Retribution.

[Through the Bands of Helen Marion Walton.]

Like the rushing of a mighty wind the judgments of the Lord are coming upon the earth, for the punishment of the sins of the people who are ignorant of the laws of their own being and are so by reason of the teachings of a bigoted and evil priest-hood in both Church and State, Press and People, whose influences have holden the lives and intellects of the human race in two-fold blindness, causing them to remain in the brutish existence of an ignorant, superstitious life of conscious and unconscious wickedness which might have culminated into a more beastly bondage, but for the grand illuminated souls of the few who like Buddha, Moses, and Jesus, have diffused the supreme light of a higher law of life than the mere bodily existence; and sealed its truths with their own lives at the stake and the cross, whose gentle but heroic souls found the freedom for which they contended in the universe of souls, and whose principles have not as yet become extinct in the travail of the centuries, and crop out now and then in those remote times in deeds of mercy, in benignant usefulness.

And because such as these have lived, suffered and died, and others of a later time have arisen to fill their places in apostolic hereditage, makes ignorance a crime that no charity can condone or any vicarious atonement ignore its certain punishment; and its further existence is condemned in this day of truth and universal enlightenment, scattered abroad by the hands of the pioneer of human freedom for body and soul; and while the martyrs of progress are praying and struggling, the flame of their martyrdom is gleaming over the ignorance and superstition of the past ages that has created the cruelties and crimes of what is now called the lower strata of society, until the very earth groans with the misery of its inhabitants whose extermination is sure because there can be no failure in the higher law of eternal justice, established in the universe of space and represented by its most potent agent retribution, whose visible workings are seen in every department of human or planetary life, yet is as certain in its development as that day will follow night, and in the potency of its own kingdom will follow out its motor law; its travel onward, its sphere-shed destruction, and within its orbit, and by its side stands its twin force, the as supreme law of compensation, of equal velocity, as potent in the universe of mind as of matter, the same integral force, the same equality of essence, governed by the same law of justice, which if one punishes the law-breaker, the other will as certainly compensate the obedient, as that the sun will rise when the morning comes, for both are projected by the same almighty hand of creative justice.

Hence, to do away with ignorance, to diminish crime and make the future of the race a glorious heritage of peace, it will be necessary for the law of force to obey its law of retribution, to let loose the potency of its wrath and sweep from the face of the earth not only the masses of evil, but the teachers and controlling influences of such debased condition, and by one blow to annihilate all and every thing that stands in the way of human progress toward a higher and more spiritual existence.

The judgment has already begun; wars, pestilence and famine are doing their awful work; disasters of every kind fill us with dismay. Earthquakes and tornadoes overtake the inhabitants on their journeyings, while shipwrecks strew the ocean bury the unfortunate in a living death, and rivers and lakes overflow their boundaries and swallow up both life and home. Icebergs and polar fragments float over the highway of the sea and dash into atoms the skilled workmanship of years, while the adventurous sailor and knowledge-seeker are buried in a sepulchre of icy atoms to be heard of nevermore, while the relentless foe in raging fury laps up in its mighty thirst a holocaust of people, on whose topmost pyre are laid the helpless consuming mass of that human life. That such awful disasters accumulate to the de-

fenseless many is most convincing proof that the inevitable law of pitiless retribution is moving on earth, is let loose to obey its own insensate law and to satiate itself with its own creative fullness for a time.

It is always noticeable, when dreadful calamities happen or any sudden extinction of human life occurs, it is mostly in remote places among unintelligent collections of peoples; most of these are crude, ignorant, brutish; are unacquainted with even the law of common brotherhood, whose lives have been subject to the desires and teachings of the superstitions of their rulers, who, if having more knowledge than their fellows, use it for the benefit of themselves to the degradation and oppression of the ruled. And this kind of subjection is universal all over the globe; even the so-called heathen are not exempt from its evils, not because of need of punishment, but for being in the line or currents of the prevailing force. A power moves over such localities and destruction follows, of life, of property, whose progress is so pitiless and certain that not even a leaf could escape, did it lie across the path of this dreadful scourge, whose wave is onward, never backward.

It is among the ignorant, the vile, then, that the destructive elements have the greatest freedom to sweep and destroy because these forces represent night and darkness that have their kinship in all that is disintegrating in nature, and is attracted towards its like, becomes the invisible headman that controls events, and in its blind fury moves to crush the innocent as well as the guilty, and mercilessly goes on its way unchecked regardless of ruin, until some other element of attraction invites its action to spend itself again.

It is sometimes seen in long and well organized communities, that after a decade of crime in their midst, when the aggressive class have rioted in a long day of evil, after a rotation of peculiar offences against society by unlawful and special cruelties in a certain direction in facts that appall the public conscience making cowards of the timid, and when such have become weary even of their own acts, there will be a calm, a lull in events in which the world seems to be resting from its cruelties, and when the people have almost forgotten the startling crimes of a short period before, a time when the civil law is striving to punish the guilty in some necessary manner, when a rest in these peculiar elements seems to be at hand, then the wise may look out for some event of destruction when the invisible forces shall sweep down on the land, a right arm of its mighty power demolishing the calm in some dreadful calamity that falls on the innocent and guilty alike, in events that no one, however wise could seem to prevent, burying at once the helpless innocent as well as the most awful sinner, plunging families in grief by the sudden removal of those who could be but ill spared, causing many of great necessity to the world to perish; and we might ask, if only the ignorant and criminal are punished how is it that by this same law of retribution the innocent suffer along with the guilty in the same destruction.

Behold the link of connection between these, is even that of consanguinity of crime, and this has made the good in a measure responsible for the shame and brutality of the race, and their punishment is co-equal with the fault, we say fault not blame, because the part taken by the innocent with the guilty is that of the transmutation of crime to others, and proves that every human soul is linked to his brother, and there never can be a separation from one another any more than man from his Maker; and in the chemical analysis of man the link remains untouched, either by nature or science, has existed from the beginning of the planet and the advent of man upon its surface, and will remain in the centuries of a time indefinite in its period of calculating results.

This is why the judgments must come to set right the understanding of the race and free the world from its present darkness until crime is extinct, brutality unknown, ignorance banished, and the whole human family become a brotherhood of peace and prosperity. Until this takes place and its culmination is reached, there is no hope of a better adjustment of eternal and internal arrangement of our globe in the universe of planets, and until this the race must still be subject to the rule of death and the destruction of so-

called accident, to the suffering of intense pain, the perils of untoward circumstances, while women and children, and intelligent animals, will become the victims of the unknown law of force, and of the cruelty of these blind oppressions.

Like attracts like by the law of adhesion, while the destructive and its disintegrating violence impels itself towards its like, which is ever found in the chaos of the lower strata of society, among the human vermin that infest the highways and byways of degraded manhood; and so the greater evil destroys the lesser; by its wild impetus becomes the instrument that smites the weaker force into subjection for a time, and a just retribution falls and fulfills its law, going on its unconscious way.

The existence of such a force in the universe is not understood, although its effects are felt, its workings are so incomprehensible to the ordinary mind while its physical developments are set down to accidental chance, instead of the carrying out of nature's most useful law, while its visible revelations on the earth are supposed to be the vengeance of God instead of the execution of this unknown force in our midst. But there are prophetic souls that can predicate the near approach of this power to the earth. Such comprehend its rumblings and feel the peculiar atmosphere of its surroundings, and wise ones say, "a storm is at hand," but the duration of its time or the intensity of its action can only be guessed from the density of its currents and the peculiar vibration of its air. Yet it takes a much higher prophet to tell when a moral tornado will sweep away even the landmarks of a higher civilization for a time, or when a criminal earthquake will bury its victims by thousands in the debris of its ruins while the surface of society becomes a wilderness of blackness. While philosophers, jurists and scientists look on in dismay, now the prophets of the future bid us mark the signs of the times and look for a coming destruction, when a people blind to the right and dumb to the voice of events, strike hands with the ignorance and selfishness of the hour and will know naught of a higher life or a closer brotherhood of man, not striving for a decade of virtue and integrity in the land, thus by their own acts they become by virtue of their sins, one of the instruments of the higher law, going down amid the desolation of a starless night; and by such a destiny turning backward the gates of day and letting into the world more of the night of the past, and so revolving on the axis of crime whose conic sections will never become equal or even satisfactory to themselves, whom the law of retribution will find out, and shatter into atoms in the vortex of wrath.

A woe be unto the teachers both Church and Press, whose business it is to find this law, yet who disregard a higher than themselves, and like the moles burrow in the ground still deeper from the day. But such teachers are responsible for the people in all ages, and if they will remain blind, let the judgment fall, and the lightning flash, until they know that the whole decalogue of human rights, and spiritual knowledge lies in the principles contained in the supreme law of compensation and retribution, which in themselves can be so intuitively comprehended that not even a savage could mistake its meaning, and any mortal can easily find the royal road of nature's most infinite harmony, and it needs no priest or laymen that is blind to point towards its brazen gates.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all aloft. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.—*Emerson.*

The sympathies of people are always with the unfortunate, because the people know they are so liable to be unfortunate themselves.

Reminiscences of an Old Spiritualist.

[CONTINUED.]

A short time after my arrival in Chicago, I attended a seance given by the mediums, Bastian and Taylor. There were about thirty persons present. They had no cabinet, as is usual, in these manifestations; instead, a close partition which reached to the ceiling, enclosing part of the room, was substituted, the part enclosed containing no door or window, the only entrance being from the seance room. A committee was selected from the audience, who, after examination of the apartment, announced the fact as above stated. After all were seated and everything quiet, and the lights turned down, yet leaving sufficient light so that all the manifestations which might take place could be plainly seen by every one in the room, one of the mediums—I think it was Bastian—entered the enclosed partition and shut the door behind him. In less than one minute an Indian squaw, dressed in bright colors, such as Indians always prefer, opened the door and came into the seance room in plain view to all present. She was very small in stature, would not measure much over five feet, and pleasantly greeted the audience, distinctly audible to all, speaking our language as Indians usually do, and seemed quite at home.

There was a table in front of the partition which contained some of the ladies' wraps. Among them was a fur boa, which she took from the table, admiring it Indian like. She kept it in her possession the whole time she remained in the room, which was at least ten minutes. When about to retire, she pitched the tipper to the lady to whom it belonged, who sat in one of the back seats, and bidding the company good moon, she disappeared behind the partition.

An Indian brave, dressed in deer skins, came outside of the door and stood upon a chair where all could see him. He was very tall and straight. Several faces showed themselves just inside the door, but none of them could be seen plain enough to be recognized. Only the squaw possessed the power of speech.

During the whole seance I failed to see the slightest evidence or suspicion of fraud. Bastian was a man above middle height. He could not metamorphose himself into an Indian squaw. Where then did she come from, if not from the room enclosed by the partitions. She was plainly seen to open the door leading into the seance room—which was in full view—by all present. What better evidence could be had of the genuineness of the materialization? The other manifestations were not so satisfactory, yet there was not, nor could there be any just grounds to charge deception. After the seance was over, not one present expressed any dissatisfaction or suspicion as to the genuineness of the manifestations. I could not see that any conditions could be more fraud-proof than the boarded partition.

There are those who accept everything which professes to come from the spirit-world on trust, who possess no power of discrimination as to what is true or what is false. These persons are unreasonably credulous. There are others, whom no evidence would convince, who first and last are environed with the spirit of fraud. These are just as unreasonably suspicious and incredulous. There is nothing that a doubting man will not doubt.

Being called upon to visit Mrs. Ella Dole professionally,—who was a believer in the spiritual philosophy,—in the course of my attendance, I discovered she had mediumistic gifts, and advised her to cultivate them. She at first was very reluctant, but I managed to sit with her alone twice a week for a certain length of time, to see what would come of it. She was clairaudient and clairvoyant, but only then in embryo. As the sittings progressed, she became more and more interested. Often some queer saying would be whispered in her ear, when she would smile and refuse to give expression to it. I would ask her what she was smiling at. She would reply, they want me to say what I don't see any sense in; and it was often with difficulty that I could get her to tell me. She finally would, however. I could understand the meaning which was intended to be conveyed, but she did

Continued on Eighth Page.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mirages—What Are They?

BY ELLA WILSON MARCHANT.

I noticed J. W. Mackie's remark, a few weeks since, in the *GOLDEN GATE*, concerning mental food, and have wondered whether or not it would not be a good idea (providing the editor approves) to start some mental problem, or problems, to work among the minds of the readers of the *GOLDEN GATE*. "In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom," it has been said. It seems to me that sometimes a problem only needs an additional idea to work itself out, and that additional idea may be struck off from some mind as a brilliant spontaneous connotation (or otherwise) simply from hearing the statement, and it may be a partial solution, by one who has gone as far as he is able to go without co-operation, or help from some other human sources. I have had a faculty all my life, I think, of putting this and that together, concerning anything in which I have become interested, and of gathering up, bit by bit, here a little, and there a little, the materials for making up some complete whole. I sometimes have to wait long to gather enough materials to even make a seeming whole, and sometimes I am obliged to lay by a matter on the shelf perhaps, again and again, ere finding additional materials to build on a little more, or to brush off some of the cobwebs of sophistry or error that may have gathered over it. Sometimes I imagine I have got the whole complete, when lo! a deformity, a lack of symmetry, or a rent in the fabric somewhere, shows me my mistake, and, again, I am obliged to lay it away to await further materials or more light. I have at the present time several subjects thus hanging in suspense, as it were, or quietly laid away for future reference or solution.

Last summer I became interested in the phenomenon called "Mirage," and putting together all that I could remember of what I had heard concerning them, tried to form some satisfactory theory as to what they are, and why they are; and now I propose (with the permission of the editor) to lay some of my half-formed theories before—or rather, perhaps, to present my queries to the readers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, to see if some one or more of them cannot help me to a solution, or at least to some plausible theory concerning this wonderful phenomenon. It will doubtless be remembered that there was some controversy in the newspapers last year concerning a photograph called "The Silent City," which Professor Richard D. Willoughby, of Alaska, claimed to have taken of a mirage in Glacier Bay, at nine o'clock, on the evening of the longest day of June 1888, and of which it was said that "at first glance it was thought to be within the recess of another world." This was discussed *pro* and *con*, the general opinion seeming to be that it had been a hoax practiced upon the Professor himself, as his character was too well established to admit of the accusation that he was knowingly attempting deception. But a number of witnesses afterwards testified to the fact of mirages being frequently seen in several of the Alaskan bays. Concerning the origin of the phenomenon, the statement was made (during the discussion in question) that "the mirage has been proven by scientists to be produced by air strata of different heat overlying each other and causing the rays of light striking on some particular spot to be broken and sent back to earth again, thereby enabling a place or object which the ray first touched to become visible at the place at which it was finally directed."

This hypothesis, it seems to me, does not fully cover all the conditions of the mirage, as it has been seen at different times, and in different places. It has been claimed, and psychometry seems to verify the claim,—that an indelible impression is made somewhere of all former existence, and even the scenes of a former age are often invoked by the contact of the psychometrist with even a piece of rock which had been a silent witness of the by gone time.

Again! We are assured that our contact with nature is by vibrations of matter, and that the different organs of sense are affected by different degrees of these vibrations. The ear is sensitive to vibrations reaching to 38,000 in a second, and the sensation produced is called sound. Between 38,000 and 470 millions of millions, the vibrations of the luminiferous ether produce in us only the sensation of heat—although heat waves become so intense sometimes as to make their motion visible. I noticed this particularly on the Mojave desert last summer, and almost fancied I saw the rudiments of a mirage in the quivering layer-waves of heat on the distant borders of what was called Dry Lake.

The vibrations of the ether—(according to Helmholtz and Depretz) between 470 millions of millions in a second and 780 millions of millions in the same period, produce in us the sensation of all the colors of the solar spectrum. There are higher vibrations occurring, it is claimed, and it is also claimed that some of these higher vibrations have been noted by scientists, but we have no special organs of sense adapted to them. Spiritual substance is believed to be matter in a higher rate of vibration than 780 millions of millions per second, and therefore, invisible to the ordinary senses of man. Now, if there could be any way in which our per-

ception of vibrations could be quickened and brought up to perceive a higher rate, or, if any way could be devised by which the number of vibrations in spiritual substance could be lowered, or both be accomplished at the same time, we might by thus standing on tiptoe, as it were, catch glimpses of the spirit world. This is practically done, no doubt, in the case of clairvoyants and clairaudients. We have been assured from the spirit side that the time will come when "there will appear upon this planet a human race whose senses will be so delicately unfolded that they will be able to recognize and understand these vibrations which at present elude them. When it does arrive, there will be no need of mediums, for mortals will be able to see, know and communicate with spirits, and also perceive the spiritual world and its atmosphere."

Last June, Mr. Pierpont, through his special medium, Mrs. Longley, made this statement (published Sept. 7, 1889): "We believe an instrument will be constructed in years to come, so wonderful that by gazing into its polished depths you will be able to see the reflection of scenes that have taken place thousands of miles away."

In August, following, it was announced in the *Boston Journal* that Mr. Edison had confirmed the report that he had "nearly perfected an invention which will allow a man in Wall street, for instance, to telephone to a friend in Central Park and to see the friend at the same time;" and that he had then already succeeded in reproducing images at a distance of a thousand feet.

Now, then, I present my queries: Is the mirage a picture in the air, of some scene formerly presented by the landscape where it appears? Is it a refraction from some distant scene? Or, is it a scene from the spirit world whose vibrations the circumstances connected with the time and place make it possible to bring down to meet those of the material in such a way that it becomes visible to mortal vision? Or do all these enter into the solution of the problem?

Will some of our mediums whose souls are illuminated with interior light from the spirit world, look into this matter a little? and some of the scientifically inclined, also? and see if we cannot come to some interesting, and perhaps, also, some satisfactory conclusion, or conclusions, in regard to what the mirage really is. In my lecture, published January 18th, I notice several typographical errors, but will only speak of the two most important ones. In the second column, I said, "Professor Hitchcock, from several additional scientific premises, goes on to affirm," etc. You make me say "gives us affirm." In the last whole column, where I should have said (in reference to the City of Pittsburgh) "since it has ceased to use coal for fuel," etc., the words "coal for" are left out, although that may have been inadvertently done in the manuscript.

SAN BERNARDINO, Jan. 21, 1890.

"Beacon Lights."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

It was with the greatest interest, that I read the plain and satisfactory reply given in your issue of the 18th, by the Wisdom Spirit Saidie to our Brother, and I felt a silent prayer go up from my heart, that the telegraph wires were becoming so thickly woven between the two worlds, and as the weary, tired traveler is constantly looking for "Beacon Lights" to guide him, I think we cannot feel too grateful for the many avenues now open for the benefit of humanity. Our libraries are filled with the best spiritual literature, giving advanced ideas upon all subjects, and if one will step out from all bondage and accept the truth wherever found, without allowing their prejudices to interfere with their reason, we might expect a wonderful advance in this ever growing philosophy. This progressed order S. A. O. L. has been like a guiding star toward enlightening earnest seekers after truth. May its brilliant rays reach to all parts of the world. Yours in truth, FANNIE E. CRESSY.

817½ Larkin St., S. F., Jan. 22, 1890.

In a sermon at Natchez, Sam Jones said: "While preaching in Kentucky, I spoke of raising children, when an old blue-grass fellow said: 'We raise horses and bring up children.' I told him, 'Yes, you raise horses worth \$50,000 apiece, and bring up children worth \$3 a head.'" It is not probable that Sam will be called to preach in the blue-grass region of Kentucky.—*N.O. Picayune.*

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS—HAY FEVER.—A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. *Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above and be cured.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Childish Tales.

BY NARNAL WHIRLER.

What a commentary on the lamentable ignorance of mankind in past ages, and to a great extent in the present, the simple relation of human beliefs makes! In the bright light of the intelligence of to-day, how childish the tales in which human beings have believed, and, to a certain extent, still believe.

Now that the discovery of the earth's third motion is understood, how childish it appears that human beings ever believed that this solid globe was ever created, ever a molten mass of fire, or ever cooled off—all three utter impossibilities, and without the shadow of proof. This is a sweeping assertion, and involves the scientist, as well as the man of common, or no, education. But all men by nature are pretty much alike. Given: a man with ordinary capacity of mind, educate him for any one calling in life, and he becomes a fiddle with one string, strung high or low, according to his attainments in the one direction. The average man, listening to the tones of that one string, especially if it be well strung, is struck with its fineness, and at once concludes that that fiddle is just perfect and complete, and a famous one to be believed in as a standard for the production of all kinds of music.

But the Geological fiddle will not, can not, play Astronomical music, and the Astronomical fiddle can not play Chemical music, and the fiddle of Chemistry is worthless as a Geographical instrument, for each one of the foregoing is but a single-stringed Professor, who knows but the one thing to a certain degree of perfection in all this world. Each can play a tune on his single string without the possibility of a self-contained discord—though there may be an occasional false note—for the tune consists of a single succession of notes, but such music is chiefly interesting as an exhibition of adroitness of execution. The grand chords and harmonious effects of perfect and full rendering, are conspicuous by their absence.

It seems reserved for the non-professor, of cosmopolitan education, to take all these single strings and combine them in one instrument which may result in an important invention, or a grand discovery. When this happens, in these days, a contemptuous silence on the part of the single stringed instruments, usually ensues, in place of the Brunarian bon-fire of the older times.

Well, your inventor or discoverer need not care, for

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal year of God are hers;
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

And the days are done when ignorance prevails over enlightenment.

To-day all childish tales are losing their force, and the children of the world are fast finding out the identity of the diabolic Santa Claus, who has presented them with nothing but error.

But for the craft of certain drones in the hive of the world, there would have been no book compiled, and blasphemously dubbed "The word of God," filled with childish tales of a creation, a salvation and a damnation; of mythical time; of an eternity coming, which is already here; of a great white throne; of a judgment day, with an immense pow-wow; of an eternal bottomless hell; of a walled-in heaven; of a devil below and an arch-angel above; and there would have been no cathedrals, churches, chapels or parsonages, costing uncounted millions of money, wrung from the tired hand and aching head of toil. There would have been no holocausts of human beings, no dungeons, no tortures, no ostracism for a difference of opinion. Much more could be laid at the door of these pretentious vicegerents, but this will suffice.

The day of human beliefs in childish tales is fast passing away; henceforth man must know before he will accept. The coming time will be the days of noble tempers, devoted to the ascertaining and conveying of all knowledge, free of all beliefs; the days when man will strive to know the action of the invisible potencies of nature which surround him, and influence, govern and control the material entities of eternal existence.

In those days there will be no waiting for a good time coming—that never comes—but an enjoyment of the ever existing present in this, the eternal world. No "thus saith the Lord," will ever more pass the portals of human lips attuned to falsehood and blasphemy, nor write with pen of blood on pages of horror. There will be no more bending of the knee or bowing of the head; no more cringing under priestly rule, nor fawning sycophancy to a church.

But in place of all this, man will stand erect and self-reliant, and manifest in deed as well as in fact, that nobility which belongs to life's grandest expression.

The foolish have one master, and that is fear; as cowering animals they tremble at the lash. They believe incongruities because of ignorance, they love because they fear. The true man loves because of the perfection of the object of his love. He obeys because it is right. He fears nothing but himself, he knows that there is no other power that can materially injure him. A thief may steal his goods, inclement weather give him a cold, exposure a disease, but bad deeds alone disgrace.

PUBLICATIONS.

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To introduce this GREAT SPIRITUAL WORK into every Spiritual family, and to those that read for advanced thought, I wish to appoint an agent (lady or gentleman) in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

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The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this.

[TITLE PAGE.]

SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY TO THE

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ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

-OR THE-

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 929½ and 933½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

COLLEGE HALL, 126 McALLISTER STREET, W. J. Colville, lecturer. Public meetings every Sunday, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Collection every Sunday at 7:30 P. M., in the Jewish Synagogue. Public teachings in Spiritual Science every Wednesday and Friday at 8 P. M. Admission 10 cents.

THEOSOPHY.—OPEN MEETINGS OF THE AUTORA Lodge of the T. S., for inquirers, are held every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock, at St. Andrew's Hall, Corner Clay and 13th Streets. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Persimmon streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

MASONIC HALL, PARK STREET, CORNER Santa Clara Avenue. W. J. Colville lectures on Theosophy every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M. Classes in Spiritual Science, Thursday, 7:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday, at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Persimmon streets. Meetings at 2 and 7:30 P. M.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND Clay streets. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 7 P. M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 7:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 18th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., at Metropolitan Temple. All are invited. Admission 10 cents. The Meetings for Conference and Tests are held Sunday at 2 P. M.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW

SPIRITUALIST: COLONY

---OF---

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LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.

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The site of Summerland constitutes a part of the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. WILLIAMS, and is located on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, five miles East of the beautiful city of Santa Barbara, which is noted for having the most equable and healthful climate in the world, being exempt from all malarial diseases.

Here Spiritualists can establish permanent homes and enjoy social and spiritual communion under the most favorable conditions for health, pleasure and development. A Railroad Station and Postoffice are now established here, and a Free Public Library will soon be completed.

Tracts of land adjoining Summerland, containing from five to ten acres each, adapted to the growth of all temperate and semi-tropical products, including bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, grapes and nuts, with strawberries and garden products all the year,—can be bought or leased at low prices, and on easy terms.

A map of Summerland and the subdivisions of the Rancho, with a pamphlet giving all particulars, will be mailed to any address.

Summerland faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best. Pure spring water is distributed over the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$30.00, \$2.50 of which is donated to the Colony. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., securing a front and rear entrance.

The object of this Colony is to ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

And not to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land was sold for by the acre, said lands not being as good.

The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title to property unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned where parties can not be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee) if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara.

Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent, 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, or

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

AGENTS.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps.
J. J. OWEN, Manager.

CONDITIONS.

Fred. Evans relates that one of the chief difficulties he had to encounter at the crucial test scene gave in Brisbane, Australia, was the persistent disposition of the Committee appointed to conduct the scene to open and examine the slates held in their hands.

It should be remembered that those slates had been thoroughly cleaned by the Committee themselves, that they had placed bits of pencil between them with their own hands, and that the slates were not for a moment out of their hands.

Mr. Evans explained to them the conditions necessary to produce the writing, one of which was that the slates should be kept closed,—that the opening of them exposed their inner surfaces to the light, which interfered with the collection of the spirit forces necessary to enable the spirits to communicate.

But it availed nothing. First one and then another, overcome by curiosity to know what was going on inside, would insist upon opening the slates. There was one sensible gentleman on the Committee who obeyed instructions, and his slates were filled with writing, while the others got nothing. But this was sufficient for the object intended.

The history of this test scene is as follows: After Mr. Evans had left Brisbane for Melbourne, and notwithstanding he had given a most satisfactory demonstration of independent slate-writing before the Society of Psychical Research of Brisbane, a fakir broke out in the local papers, claiming to expose the medium's method of obtaining the writing as a trick of jugglery. Upon his return to Sidney from Melbourne, Mr. Evans went back to Brisbane, hired a Hall, and gave a free seance, all at his own expense. He challenged his accusers to come forward and make their charges true. It is enough to say that he put them all to rest by producing the writing upon slates in the hands of sharp-eyed skeptics, and under conditions where jugglery was simply impossible.

When preparing for this task his psychographic control, Spirit John Gray, on being consulted in the matter, said, "Yes, I can get there, but it will be hard on you." And indeed, Mr. Evans states, it was hard on him. He was very sick during all of his return trip to Sidney, which occupied nearly two days, and did not get over the effects of the seance for many days.

It is natural that good mediums should want to accept all challenges of their spirit powers, but we question whether it is wise for them to do so. Many Spiritualists, and all skeptics, have no idea of the delicate machinery of mediumship, or of the nature of the forces used to produce such wonderful results. Mediums themselves, and even their spirit guides, do not always understand these things. Hence it is that mediums of this class are often broken down and ruined by an over-straining of their powers.

And, after all, what good is accomplished? The very next fakir that comes along will demand a repetition of the challenge, and endeavor to use it as a means of free advertising to foist himself upon public attention. He can always find a church open to him, and some pious but ignorant minister ready to assist him with his show, which usually bears no more resemblance to genuine spirit manifestations than a dead donkey does to a live race horse.

We cannot afford to have our good mediums over-worked in trying to convince those who are not ready to be convinced. We need their powers for worthier ends. Hence we would urge all mediums to pay no attention to those who challenge their powers for the purpose of disproving them.

—The GOLDEN GATE and "Spiritual Fragments" may always be found at Hall's Bazaar, corner Sixteenth and Mission streets, San Francisco.

THE SAINTS.

Early Christian art symbolized the saints as follows:—Matthew, with an angel standing near him dictating the gospel; Mark, accompanied by a winged lion; Luke, with an ox near him; John, writing his gospels with a book near him, or breaking a chalice from which a serpent issues. Paul, with a sword and an open book; Peter, holds in his hand a book or scroll; James, with a sword and sometimes attired as a pilgrim; Andrew (X) cross; Philip, bearing a large cross or basket of loaves; Jude, a club or staff and carpenter's square; Bartholomew a knife; Thomas a builder's square, and Simon with a saw in his hand.

These symbols of the early saints all have force and character in their scriptural significance, and most of them are emblematic of all time and faith, as much as they represent work. Work is the life, growth, strength, and beauty of all human beings, besides the world's imperative necessity. Work, work with the brain, work with the hands, and work of both combined. The noble results of this constant working of the great majority of mankind should inspire the greatest respect and even reverence, among the few who sit with folded hands and enjoy the bounteous fruits of toil. The saints of old were workers, so will be those of the future ages. In spite of this seeming aristocracy of idleness, work is king, work is queen, and will be so crowned in all this coming ages. Work is widely poor to-day, but work shall inherit the Earth and the kingdoms of Heaven. The workers have been and shall continue to be the saints of all history, whether sacred or profane, as the terms go; but all good history is sacred.

ARE THEY LIBERAL?

If there was ever a term misapplied, it is that of *liberal*, bestowed upon Free Thinkers. Some of them are liberal, that is, willing for others to have the same liberty and choice of thought they claim for themselves; in the same way many creed-believing persons are liberal too. Free Thinkers should all be liberal, charitable towards those they consider as being in outer darkness. Because, if they have gained the summit of mental and spiritual illumination, they can look back to the days when they too were still climbing the heights; they will in that retrospective view see many paths, all well trodden, leading to one point, one height of understanding.

The view backward does not incline them to allow others to choose their path upward, but said to say, these clear seeing souls insist upon others following in their steps, or coming right along with them. None are more eager to mark lines for others to toe, than the so-called Liberals of to-day. They treat all religious sentiment and belief with scorn and ridicule, not showing the slightest regard for feelings that are just as sensitive as their own.

This manifestation of unfairness is mainly on the part of those who do not believe in a future for the soul of man; but it is not infrequently observed among Spiritualists themselves, who, of all people on earth, should be charitable and tolerant of their opinions.

A NOBLE DECISION.

Secretary Noble passed a decision on the 20th inst. to the effect that "a married woman may 'make a timber land entry, or purchase such land in California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington, provided it is conclusively shown that the 'entry is for her own use and benefit, and not for 'the benefit of herself and husband jointly.'"

This is good, and yet it may be a difficult matter to convince the authorities governing these cases that the husband is a disinterested party, although we doubt not he would be, until the title was secured. Good as the decision is, when the wife becomes possessed of such land it becomes community property, and, in California, is at once at the disposal of the husband, who, we are sorry to say, is so often of that kind and quality as not to hesitate to avail himself of all the advantage our miserable laws governing the property of married women, gives him over his wife and her belongings.

Until these laws are amended, the average woman will receive, in California, but partial benefit, unless the favor should include separate homestead entry. Surely, if a married woman be allowed to acquire land independent of her husband, she should be allowed to put it in such form of law as to make it absolutely her own, whether she choose to keep it, or sell it.

LIQUOR VS. MUSIC.

Street bands in cities are the only music that thousands on thousands ever hear; they are indeed the "poor man's opera," his children's only delight. They are supported by voluntary contributions given by those whose lives are gladdened by their sweet sounds of harmony, that lift weary souls above the cares and troubles and sorrows of their hard every-day lives. Nevertheless, a few days ago the Central Labor Union sent a protest to the New York Board of Aldermen against street bands and all itinerant musicians, in compliance with which an ordinance was passed, sentencing such musicians to arrest and a fine of ten dollars for each offense.

If street bands and street musicians, whose influence is good and moral, can be suppressed and prohibited as a nuisance to the community, then bar-rooms and saloons may be upon the same ground. The philosophy that says no man has a right to carry on a public traffic which injures the public, should be brought to bear upon the business of the anti-prohibitionists, which Tammany Hall, by its recent action against public musicians, admits to be sound and just.

If one or two bands and a few strolling players are an injury to the public, what are the thou-

sands of open saloons and drinking places? Sure, it is not a difficult thing to understand these political vagaries, whose own logic explodes them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—B. F. French, Los Angeles.—Your excellent communication will appear in our next issue.

—Psychic studies for February, contains an admirable paper on Psychometry, a liberal extract from which we reproduce elsewhere.

—Carey, Cal., has been made a postal station, and our friend, Bradford Bell, dealer in general merchandise at that place, has been appointed postmaster.

—The many friends of Judge John A. Collins, President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, will regret to learn that he has been lying seriously ill, for the past week, at his rooms on Kearny street.

—Now that the sun shines again—or did at the time of the inception of this item—let us all take heart of hope, and press on in our allotted tasks. A month or more of clouds and storm, and now for the joys of "our glorious climate."

—We are having another and far better likeness of the author of "Spiritual Fragments" made, which will be sent to all purchasers of the book, as soon as it is ready. They can gum it over the present caricature and thus hide a serious defect in the book.

—The Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated with a three days' meeting in the new Library Hall at Summerland, on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of March. W. J. Colville, Maud Lord-Drake and Moses Hall, will be present as speakers. A grand time is expected.

—A subscriber, writing from Belfast, Me., says: "As I am a reader of the GOLDEN GATE, and so thoroughly enjoy the 'Spiritual Fragments,' that I wish to possess the book, and 'hope it may do as much good in Belfast as 'paper does. Please find enclosed,' etc."

—We regret to learn that Bro. I. C. Steele has been quite ill since his return from this city to his Pescadero home. Bro. Steele, like the writer, has reached that time of life when it becomes him to exercise increased care for his health. The world has no men of his character: a real worth to spare.

—The GOLDEN GATE is kept for sale at Mrs. Boothby's excellent restaurant, 209 and 211 Jones street, between Turk and Eddy, where, by the way, can be found the best of home-cooked meals at all hours. Spiritualists from the country would be well to call on Mrs. Boothby before going elsewhere.

—Bro. Bradford Bell of Carey, Cal., writes: "Enclosed find check for \$2.50 which place to the credit of T. J. Holloway for one year's subscription for the GOLDEN GATE. He is so 'taken up with the GATE since his trial subscription that he imagines now that he can't 'well get along without it.'"

—A remarkable instance of the increased power of a remaining sense when another faculty has been lost is shown in the French sculptor Vidal. Being totally blind he is guided wholly in his work by the sense of touch. Marvelous indeed must be the development of strength and delicacy of this sense in those hands that can model animals and the human face with as much ease and truth as any of the French sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight.

—Dr. N. N. Pickens, of Camp Alamo, Lower California, writes: "The cause of Spiritualism is 'advancing here in a quiet way. There is a medium here who sees and describes spirits, who 'has made some converts in that way, and I loan 'my GOLDEN GATES, keep them on the go all the time; and let me say a great deal of missionary work can be done in this way, even though we 'sow some seed in stony ground. A lady here 'in this camp has been converted, first, by reading the GOLDEN GATE, and second by tests 'through the medium above spoken of; so, 'readers of the GOLDEN GATE, cast your bread 'upon the waters. Send the GOLDEN GATE out 'to do missionary work; it will fall on some good 'soil and bear fruit.'"

Grand Army Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. F. A. Logan's meeting, in Grand Army Hall, Thirteenth street, near Broadway, Oakland, at 2 P. M., Sunday, was opened by a song, with piano accompaniment, by two young ladies. Mrs. Logan's remarks gave all to feel that freedom of speech was in order. Walter Hyde being invited to the platform made some terse remarks.

Prof. Ewens gave some of his experiences in connection with the Catholic church and what the priest said to him when he found he was a medium and a Spiritualist, which was quite amusing. He also gave many tests which were heartily responded to unsolicited. Mrs. Jennie Mason read an original poem with telling effect. Dr. Hyde closed the meeting with his remarkable psychometric readings. The evening meeting was largely attended. Walter Hyde at the close of an instructive speech read three or four persons so accurately that responses were heartily given. Mr. Patterson's guide exhorted the pale faces to have more charity for each other, and also to welcome the spirit of the Red man to our meetings. Mrs. Logan assured him that he would be welcome to the meetings, and said that we should care more what the angels think of us than what mortals may think of us.

Prof. Ewens and Mr. Hyde and sister sang "When the mists have cleared away." Mrs. Gardner made appropriate remarks and described a venerable spirit by Mr. Hyde. Mrs. Ladd Finnegan kindly came from the city and pleased the audience with many remarkable tests. Having known Mrs. Logan in Portland, Oregon, and of her earnestness in the cause of truth, she was willing to aid in these meetings whenever it was possible for her to be there. Word was also brought to Mrs. Logan that Mrs. C. J. Myers would contribute her services next Sunday evening for the good of the Cause and for old acquaintance sake. Dr. Hyde again gave remarkable readings and closed the meeting until next Sunday.

At Metropolitan Temple.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Mediums' and Conference Meeting, at 2 P. M., was presided over by Mrs. Lena Cook, in the absence of the President, Judge Collins, who is still confined to the house by sickness. Dr. Foulson presided, and the following address was given: "The Birth Into Spirit Life," after which Mrs. Lena C. Cook and Mrs. Miller, each gave tests from the platform. The closing address was given by Dr. G. M. Wainwright, who spoke chiefly as a medium, advising them to go on with their work, regardless of the slurs or false finding of any one.

In the evening, Mrs. L. C. Cook presided. The meeting opened with singing by Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Cook, pianist, Prof. Dawbarn's subject of lecture was "Steps in Spiritual Progress,"—a grand lecture—during which many interesting facts were given and comparisons made of the progress in every direction, from the years ago and now, saying it must go forward—there is no going backward. The labor question among others was touched, that showing progress that had been made in that direction: first, sixteen hours was a day's work, then twelve, now ten, and eight hours is in prospect; but he said if every man labored many, four hours of his day would be abundant to do all the work. But one step at a time is evolution's way. True reform must begin with self. We must think in every direction. As Spiritualists, we believe in living for this age, and becoming ready for the next by doing our whole duty in this. His next Sunday's lecture will be "Manhood versus Anthoid." After the lecture Mrs. J. Whitcomb related an incident of a spirit coming through her to a gentleman and sending a message to Mr. Keating (who lately passed on), who replied that he wished to have nothing to do with Spiritualism. She prophesied that she would certainly come to her; and she said that of all things she wanted to be honest in this, and if Spiritualism was not a fact, she was the one deceived and not the Spiritualists. After this she was controlled and gave messages and names to a great many in the audience, who recognized them.

The library belonging to the society is now at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street; open from 1 to 3 P. M., on Sundays. All persons having books out will please return them to the hall, or at office, 841 Market street.

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Those who looked beyond the mere appeal of matter to the senses, on Saturday last, found their spirits gladdened by the smile of Love, which closed the day with sunshine as the sun sank to rest. With the peaceful gathering of night, many and many a soul was interested in a variety of subjects, and brief remarks were made upon co-operative and other topics. The children and youths present heard many words of wisdom.

On Sunday morning the largest session of the Lyceum assembled, and has gathered for years, and the necessity for a larger hall is urging for speedy action from the directors. The elderly people availed themselves of the newly established group in the hall, and numbers, if the room had been large enough to permit the placing of more chairs, more groups could have been located. As it was they were crowded into one, and some were obliged to occupy seats as visitors. The adults were interested in a variety of subjects, and brief remarks were made upon co-operative and other topics. The children and youths present heard many words of wisdom. Two little girls, the twin Reed sisters, recited "The English Sparrow," and sang "Four Little Birds," and Lena Miller declared "Reverend's Ride." The general topic, the American flag, was continued to next Sunday. A fine specimen of slate was the subject of the evening's work, which has so many objects that a large number of the pupils can be furnished soon with subjects to inquire about for the purpose of furnishing the result of their inquiry to the school.

So many adjustments in general conversation that a working number could not be obtained at the leaders' meeting, so nothing of importance was transacted.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Mrs. Logan's Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Mrs. Logan's meeting, at 909 Market street, at 11 o'clock, Sunday, was replete with interest. Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Cook sang "Going By." Miss Emma Hare rendered several pieces on the piano very sweetly. Short invocation, with liberty for all to participate in the exercises, by Mrs. Logan. Mrs. Seely was introduced and spoke of the beauties and usefulness of Spiritualism.

Dr. Temple spoke in defense of his mediumship and of the Cause, with his usual earnestness. "Meet Me There," sang by Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Rutter. Prof. Seymour, of 954 Mission street, spoke upon clairvoyance as being the key to unlock the mysteries of the spiritual and celestial worlds. Dr. Colville, at the close of the far surpassed the most sanguine imagination.

Mr. Gee was called upon to speak, by Mrs. Jennie, medium from Oakland. She had never seen him before, but knew that he had something to say, which was that beneficent his powers would be devoted to healing, and mediumship. Mrs. Messer, medium, described spirits in the audience. Messrs. Tyler and Darling testified to the wonderful materializing scenes they had attended at No. 17, Seventh street, in presence of the little lady medium, Miss Wiegand, whose beautiful paper flowers so many have seen, that she makes in a trance state.

Mrs. Logan thanked all who had contributed to the interest and edification of the audience, and adjourned to meet in the same place next Sunday.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists, of Oakland, met last Sunday, as usual, Dr. Macoskey, presiding. The afternoon meetings are especially attractive, as well as instructive, for the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, as often some friend present will give a brief and interesting discourse on some branch of spiritual truths, demonstrated by facts. Last Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Finnegan was present and was invited to take the rostrum, which she did for a short time, giving several tests, which were recognized. Also the controls of Mrs. London gave a short address, with special advice to test mediums, which proved very interesting. Mr. Patterson also occupied the rostrum for a short space, and gave some good tests and symbols.

The evening meeting was opened with singing by the audience. The President then read a poem, "Our Angel Guides." After an invocation, singing was again rendered, after which Mrs. C. J. Meyer took the rostrum for the evening. The medium gave a number of convincing tests, also names of those on the earth plane, as also in the spirit. Mostly all were recognized, and all were satisfied with the proceedings. The President closed the meeting with singing by the

audience "Summerland, Sweet Summerland." Next Sunday evening Dr. Temple will be with us. Mrs. DAVIS, Sec'y.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

To "A. R.," SANTA BARBARA:—No; Theosophists do not think of Absolute Being as a personal God, but rather as That which is beyond the finite conception, and of which we know nothing save as we become conscious of the Divine in our own nature. Personality pertains to time and the limitation of our sense perception, and to the body and the physical processes. Individuality is that which we have become; it is the real Ego.

Theosophy does not teach the loss of the individuality, but rather declares its immortality. It is the illusion of separation which it denies, declaring the unity of all, a universal consciousness of which we are finite limitations, at the same time recognizing the possibility of limitless expansion. That nirvana means absorption, which in any sense implies loss of the individual consciousness, is the mistaken idea of minds so filled with prejudice that they only found the thing they were hunting.

It is hardly likely that law changes. We change in our relations to the law; we come into harmony with it, or we oppose ourselves to the same, and then suffer. The phenomena you mention shows that you are a sensitive; doubtless this fact accounts for your feeling so keenly the condition of others. To make yourself positive does not require you to be sympathetic, still there is much in which people call sympathy, that is harmful to both parties.

Again, has it never occurred to you that there is really no love that can be as truly selfish as a mother's? We speak of the unselfish love of a mother, but are we not the ones most gratified when we sacrifice ourselves for our children? and are not our children often harmed by our sacrifice? You ask me "to say truly what I think." Well, my friend, you are a stranger; we only know what you say, but seem to sense the fact that you are in a state of chronic worry, and that things are not as bad as you think. If they are, then surely you should try to take hold of yourself. No one can remain in such a state of mind and be well; it is a duty you owe to yourself. No one has a right to crush you; rise superior to the condition.

Now, remember, we do not say learn to endure, but lift yourself into a state of consciousness where these things do not touch you. If you can do this, in a short time you will wonder how you could have been so unhappy over things that really did not amount to much. You see, to think and consciously exist is one; that which we can crowd out of our consciousness has no existence to us.

To SAN DIEGO:—You write as though the phenomena which you call Spiritualism, had not been known until the time of the Fox girls. Why, bless your heart, Spiritualism as a name was born at that time but the phenomena has been known throughout the ages, finding various interpretations, it is true. Few, if any, would deny that the seen and the unseen touch, that the visible and the invisible interblend. The dispute is rather of the methods or modes of the law, than denials of the facts. You say, "I have had many tests; it would seem as though I should be satisfied, but I am always left in doubt as to the real identity of the communicating intelligence." The chances are that you have spoken the minds of numerous people. This search for tests becomes a mania with many, which nothing will satisfy, and is pernicious in its effects upon sensitives. Mediums come under the influence of this mad hunt for tests, and then there is the cry of fraud.

Please allow us to become questioner: Do you believe in the immortality of the soul? If so, then you have every reason to think that your loved one *still is*. She has passed through the change that awaits you. She is through with her life work, you are not; why not tread your path in life heroically, strewn it with noble deeds, while sweet memories of your loved one make melody in your life, rather than that your "days and nights should be filled with regret and sorrow." We can only undo the past as we live better in the present. We should neither dwell in the past or future since the present is all we have.

Yes! the law of Karma is inexorable, but is as sure to pay the merit as the demerit, good following the good; people seem to forget this fact. When one fully understands this merciful law of rebirth, he will not dread that added life unless he is conscious that he is not building well in the present. We shall recall the past of our existence when time for our grand reckoning comes, while every birth is a re-construction of all the past; in other words we are what our past has made us. We have it in our power to add much to our individual self as the result of untiring effort, or we may drift along and find ourselves among the laggards; sooner or later this effort must be made. Those who realize this fact will lose no time in useless regrets.

Many questions wait over; we do not answer personal questions only in a general way. We refer *Inquirer* to Mrs. Rose Burnett's letter of last week, also to Dr. Griffiths and W. J. Colville's letters of this issue, and feel that he will get full satisfaction in answer to the question, "What is the use of it?"

S. A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, CAL.

A "Stranger" in Church.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

This morning's papers (Sunday, Jan. 29th.) invited all—strangers included—to listen to a discourse on the "Use and Abuse of Prayer." Being one of the latter, and devoid of the opportunities city people enjoy beyond "the old family Bible that lies on the stand" for acquiring knowledge above what is written, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity.

Arriving at the sacred edifice "two blocks from the Palace Hotel," my eyes were first greeted at the door by a large two-bit show announcing "ventriloquist funnimites" and "exposure of Spiritualism." What the "funnimites" meant I had yet to learn, but supposed they were an appendage to the "theological dogmatism" with which the learned Divine proceeds in his advertisement, to amuse us to-night.

With the thousands of "exposures of Spiritualism" I had already been made familiar, and also with the fact that none except their counterfeit would stay exposed.

Inside of this Temple that was once solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, I found the handsomely upholstered seats prepared for His worshippers, literally covered with "theological bills" descriptive of the anticipated "fun" in this Holy of Holies next Friday night, and the predatory steps to the discourse, ostensibly illustrative of the "use and abuse of prayer" (but really to induce a large crowd to visit the show) were not yet ended, for this "man of God," in addition to reading the programme for the ensuing week's exercises and devotions in the Temple, dwelt particularly on the value of the show of the last week and promised a more enjoyable entertainment the next.

I began to feel puzzled, queer, obfuscated, self-interrogating. Is not this the kind of Temple from which Jesus lashed the money-changers? How is it now that his meek and lowly followers make it, if not a "den of thieves," something worse by fraternizing Simon Magus?

I soliloquized thus: I came here to learn something that had a bearing direct or collateral on my soul's welfare, and its eternal destiny, of which prayer is said to be an important factor. I was anxious to know what constitutes its "use and abuse," and what was really meant by either. Was it "abuse" to pray so much for the life of President Garfield? It certainly proved of no "use." I desire to learn why the clergy refused the test as proposed by Tyndall to prove the efficacy of prayer. I hoped to get an explanation of whether the "Protestant Wind" so devoutly prayed for, which ultimately brought the Prince of Orange to England to de-throne the Catholic Stuart, was in answer to prayer or by virtue of Nature's law, but all such inquiry promises to be kept in the background and appear of little importance as compared with the main object of showing that jugglery could imitate "Spiritual Phenomena."

And here let me ask the reverend clerk and his co-workers in the church what they expect to gain in the interest of that religion which the Nazarene put in a nut-shell (I do not mean to be irreverent) in Matt. xvii. 12, by exhibiting the tricks of legerdemain.

If a Jewish Thaumaturgist had apparently made good wine out of water; healed the sick, raised the dead, walked on the water, would that have destroyed the just claim of the "son of man" to super-human power? A thousand spurious cannot impair the value of one genuine coin.

When the Reverend gentleman who now evinces a holy horror at phenomena identical with what appeared at Belshazzar's feast and on which, and the like, his theory of religion is based, will convince reasonable people that the truthfulness of history is strengthened by its antiquity, by translations and transcriptions, and thereby acquires a higher claim to our belief than the testimony of scientific living witnesses, his brethren may excuse his apparent endeavor to discredit St. John and St. Paul with most of their old Testament predecessors for the profit of his jugglery show.

And further, when his reverence will give authority for assuming that the intercommunication between the visible and invisible worlds, which sacred history assures us has existed in all time, has ceased, it will be but just to admit that Milton was wrong in claiming that "visions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen." That the Wesley family published falsehoods about holding intercourse with them, and that many millions of our contemporaries, including numerous leading statesmen, philosophers, divines and thinkers, are victims of "strong delusion," and "made to believe a lie," by such jugglers as this reverend now allows to defile the sanctuary.

The world, or rather a very insignificant portion of it, has come to a strange pass when an obscure priest claims the ability to prove, by the help of strolling jugglers, that he is a better judge of the significance of phenomena unknown to science and apparently inexplicable by laws of nature than our first-class statesmen, including at least one President of the United States, and a large number of Senators and Members of the House of Representatives, and to those may be added not only many of the leading philosophers of Europe and America, but twenty millions of people of a higher average intelligence than church members, whose bigotry he avails himself of to induce them to patronize his two-bit show.

In his explanation of the "Use and Abuse of Prayer" he made both or either embrace about everything in general and nothing in particular, but distinctly avowed that selfishness of some kind was the motive power that controlled every money-making; and hence it follows that it induced him to get up his show of "funnimites" and exposure of Spiritualism, and be very appropriately gave his, the orthodox devil, a prominent place in his discourse by putting into his mouth the inquiry of the writer of that grand epic, the Book of Job, (Chap. xxi-15), although I can find no allusion to his Satanic majesty in the whole chapter. The devil he said, was the shrewdest, most ingenious questioner that operates among mankind—he did not say that our detectives ought to employ him as an agent, but that was a natural inference.

Now, this being his object, I will put it in his power to endeavor to make money on a larger scale than by an "admittance, 25 cents," and I respectfully submit that his refusal to accept my proposition will amount to a confession of his insincerity and dishonesty in his present trifling with a question which the editor of one of our leading monthlies declares to be of more importance to humanity than all the discourses of the age combined.

If the Rev. D. D., by the help of his jugglery, will duplicate the following experiences, I hereby obligate myself to pay him one thousand dollars on demand:

The Rev. J. B. Furgess, long the most popular clergyman of Nashville, Tenn., told me that when he was manager of the Davenport mediums, in Europe, an English nobleman invited him to give a seance in his mansion. "While I believe the wishes I have seen at your meetings," said his lordship, "are what you say they are, I wish to be able to say to my friends that I know of my own knowledge that there is no cheat or trickery in them."

The clothes and even the boots of the boys were entirely changed, and they were put in a wardrobe in the center of a parlor and firmly tied, hands and feet, by cords supplied by his lordship, and their seats out of reach of each other, made impossible.

Within two minutes after the doors of the wardrobe were shut and locked, the select company were amazed to see them, the mediums, walk out as freely as did St. Peter from his jail.

Again, when Fred Evans, now other mortal in this city, could ever have heard of the names of my parents who died forty years ago, and nothing was written by me on ballot or elsewhere, he hung on a jet, in broad day light, two well waxed, clasped slates, was immediately heard the grating sound of the pencil, and in less than ten minutes found three pertinent written letters, in distinctly different hand writing, from my father, mother and married sister, signed by the full names of each, and an additional note addressed to "My dear step-father," and signed by the son of my present wife, whose earthly life was ended years before I became his step-father.

When this Professor of Divinity, or any of his associates who are professors of jugglery, will comply with the above conditions and produce the same results, the Rev. Harcourt shall have my thousand dollars.

G. B. CRANE.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The meeting at this hall, last Wednesday evening, was very well attended, notwithstanding it being a very stormy night. The meeting opened with a song by the audience, led by Mrs. Rutter. Prof. Smith then recited "Socrates' Prayer to the Universe," in a very able and efficient manner, closing with a short lecture, a continuation of the subject he had treated in his last week's address, being "Spiritualism in the Church in Ancient and Modern Times." Mr. McAvoy then occupied the next ten minutes with a few general remarks on the subject of the meeting. Argenteum, Mr. Gough, then became controlled and arose in the audience, and his guides gave a short address for the first time in any audience. Mr. J. Nowell and Mr. Ward made a few remarks and gave their experience in Spiritualism.

After the usual notices by the Secretary, the meeting was opened by Dr. Dean Clark. Mr. Temple then gave his experience at the last meeting of Mrs. Woodworth, of Oakland, stating that the person who became entranced and under her influence, were obsessed by the spirits of persons who passed out, insane on the subject of religion. The Doctor, being a clairvoyant, could see these spirits come and take control of the persons in the audience. The Doctor then gave a large number of tests from the platform, they all being acknowledged by those receiving them. The audience was dismissed at 10 P. M. to meet again next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at 111 Larkin street.

St. George's Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Last Sunday at 2:30, the seance opened at St. George's Hall, with most of the seats full. Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Slocum, of Topolobampo, made stirring addresses. Mrs. Messer favored us with a handkerchief reading. Mrs. Col. Reed of Portland, Ore., gave a most beautiful recitation. Mr. Gee, Dr. Temple, Mr. Johnson, all spoke briefly—giving tests and experiences. Prof. Seymour was called for and spoke for some time on the necessity of friction and obedience in every one's life in order for them to progress.

At 7:30 P. M. Mrs. Miller opened with a fine invocation. The Jewish Rabbi, Freuder, gave a learned and able discourse on "The Jewish Religion." Mr. Hatoh, Mr. Gee, Mrs. M. Miller, all stirred the listeners. Mr. Johnson spoke briefly on the Bible God. A fine recitation by a little Miss, a burlesque on the Irish character, brought the house down, and resulted in a good laugh.

Another seance next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30, at same place, 909 1-2 Market street.

Reply to Dr. Clark.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I have been particularly requested by many friends in San Jose, to answer an article in your last issue by Dr. Dean Clark, entitled, "What is the use of it?" I have not the least desire to be drawn into a newspaper controversy, though I am not at all afraid of it. My experiences with the same individual some four years ago in Boston, both in my private class-room and on the public platform, as well as through the columns of the *Banner of Light*, have made me fully acquainted with his tactics. I know just about what he will say in every instance in a "rejoinder" to a reply, and being in possession of such information, I should never seek to waste time or fill space by endeavoring to convince a person whose mind is thoroughly and wilfully bent in a set direction. But your valuable paper is read by thousands of seekers after truth in various parts of the world where the real animus of such articles as "What's the use of it?" may be unknown.

There have always been ambitious, organizing individuals in the ranks of Spiritualism, who have sought to ostracize and condemn all persons who display enough independence of character to "prove all things," and to fearlessly advocate what they have found to be true, even though all the "far-too-weak" societies in the world should combine to denounce them.

Mrs. Annie Besant, one of the brightest women in England, for many years a staunch and eloquent lecturer on the so-called "freethought" platform, dared to think freely enough to avow herself a Theosophist, after having spent fully ten years in earnest, scientific study, hoping to be able to verify the claims of Materialism, from which she writes in her admirable pamphlet, "Why I Became a Theosophist." She hoped everything.

No sooner had this brave woman taken an advance step than her pretended friends of the materialistic school rallied at her in their one-sided organs, and even intimated that she had lost her reason, because she had aroused some convictions in the minds of their black negations and idiotic denial of all they could not reduce to the level of their stereotyped material tests.

These very "liberal" materialists are not a whit narrower nor is their conduct at all more despicable than that of some Spiritualists whose alleged spiritualism seemingly consists in applying opprobrious epithets, "apostate," and similar comping terms to every one who refuses to acknowledge the sanctity of their tiny, barren plat of "holy ground," and refuses subscription to the petty dogmas of their presumptuous hierarchy.

My experiences in Spiritualism have been so many and varied that I could fill at least twenty volumes with a condensed record of the most striking of them. Ever since I was five years of age I have possessed mediumistic gifts, but was not attracted to the public work of Spiritualism till the age of fourteen, when on the 24th of May, 1874, I first listened to inspiration speaking through the lips of Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond. From that day to this, I have never doubted the fact of communion with the unseen world. Indeed, I never really questioned it in childhood, though after my experiences at the age of five, the clairvoyant gift which then spontaneously asserted itself had been often for a long time in abeyance. Being therefore, in a position to speak from knowledge on the subject, I claim the indefeasible right to enter my most decided protest against such effusions as those of Dr. Dean Clark, reflecting as they do on every atom of the common sense and good feeling possessed by any and all who may be sincere Spiritualists, and yet firmly opposed to the policy of that writer.

When I was introduced, at the age of sixteen, to many of the leading Spiritualists in England, I found them actively engaged in all kinds of reformatory work, and by no means contented to a solitary life. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Febb, Miss C. L. Hunt, and many others, were working against unjust laws enforcing vaccination, and doing a great deal to enlighten the public on an improved system of diet, etc., etc. The leading Spiritualist journals opened their columns freely to contributors of all shades of opinion, and much good was certainly done by kindly co-operation and the ventilation of free ideas. I do not insinuate for an instant that there are not multitudes of Spiritualists to-day who are as liberal as any I ever knew in days gone by, but I do maintain on the strength of a lengthened experience, that those who are so terribly afraid of anything and everything outside of what they denominate pure and simple Spiritualism, are the very people who would establish an unconstitutional religious and irreligious despotism with themselves as leaders in chief, which would be the most subtle psychological agency imaginable, for nearly all the organizing Spiritualists are in favor of a kind of "developing circle" which, instead of raising, lowers the individuality and decreases the moral resisting power of the sitters. Dr. Dean Clark's use of the word "apostate" in connection with Mrs. Eddy and Mme. Blavatsky, surely stamps the writer with his own self-manufactured brand in the eyes of all right-minded people.

Who are the ambitious malcontents, we should like to know, if not those who insolently and falsely swear that all who refuse to submit to be mesmerized by

them into an acceptance of their "fads" are "the psychologized emissaries of the subtle enemies of Spiritualism, who are artful enough to deceive the very elect?" Had I the time and were space allotted me I could disprove seriatim every one of Dr. Dean Clark's ridiculous and domineering assertions. Mr. Keightley replied to him fully in Odd Fellows' Hall, San Jose, on Sunday January 12th, when he presented himself at a public meeting and propounded a number of questions to the speaker; this I have from the lips of some of the oldest and most devoted Spiritualists of San Jose; these were unanimous in declaring that Mr. Keightley completely answered every objection preferred by Dr. Dean Clark. I trust the readers of the *GOLDEN GATE* have dividuality enough left to publish, purchase and read whatever books they choose, and will resist every encroachment of antiquated tyranny to control their purse-strings and their libraries. We respectfully remind Dr. Dean Clark that the policy advocated by him coincides precisely with that of the Russian Government, as described in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Sunday, January 10th; in Russia no one is permitted to write or read what the Czar disproves. Who is the heaven-appointed Czar of Spiritualism, who delegates to him imperial authority? Yours in determined resistance to bigotry, in the interests of a free press, free speech, and free people. W. J. COLVILLE.

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Great Truths.

Elizabeth P. Channing in *Cristian Register*.

An unpublished and graphic letter, written by a clergyman's wife in 1838, describes Dr. Channing's preaching in her husband's pulpit in these words: "The church was filled every part, but not the aisles, which, of course, would have been, had it been generally known. He went through all the service, and the first sound of his voice made my heart thrill. The sermon was one of his many upon human nature, but a very late one, a new view and some great truths. It was admirable, his manner fine and all animation; but he would preach in his *spencer*, and not a gown. We had orthodox of all kinds present. . . . All were in raptures."

I quote from this spontaneous letter, because it is of interest in its view of Dr. Channing's manner being animated as well as solemn in preaching, the more noticeable as, at the date of the letter, four years before his death, his health was very delicate; and also, because it alludes to that his hearers noticed, that, not content with expounding, enforcing, and illustrating his subject, he was apt to affirm, "This is a great truth," as if to recall their attention, if it wandered, to what he desired to make as luminous to them as it was to himself. The Unitarian denomination, in its turn, is beginning to emphasize great truths. It is beginning to see that religion is the supreme interest in life; that the great business of life is the development of character and the cultivation of the religious faculty; that so far as man is religious is he able to live courageously and die courageously; that without religion "the heart is just a nest of fears,"—the fear of sickness, poverty, old age, decrepitude, sin, death, and judgment,—and the dove of peace can not brood over it till religion finds lodgment within.

We can estimate the appalling solitude of the heart without the assurance of God's presence to help sustain the ache and bitterness of a sometimes cruel world? Verily, the heart yearneth for the Father's presence, which bringeth inward peace. Not that religion comes easily or fully to all. A stranger asked me about an aged clergyman, whom we both revered. "He was the most religious person I have met," I said, "and the happiest in his religion." "Dear old man!" she replied. "Well, I hear of those who are happy in their religion; but I never was." If I had been blessed with that "presence of heart" Charles Lamb commended, instead of receiving her confidence in blank silence, I should have said, "But how much more unhappy you would have been without your religion!" All do not soar on glad, fire pinions to the mount of vision. Some drag a bruised wing in the valley of humiliation. Some rejoice, some console, some can only "stand and wait." But all souls hunger for faith, whether they know it or not; and all will at last gain it, will see, as the Quakers say, "all clear," for

"A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring his children home,"

And "at eventide it shall be light."

Another great truth which the denomination is emphasizing is that Unitarianism is the most life-giving faith, not only for itself, but for many more. While admitting that God is with all the sects, giving to each its mission and opportunity, it maintains that Unitarianism holds to what is essential,—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the supremacy of character,—and rejects the doctrines that are unsound and misleading; wise in its treatment of the child's religious nature, guiding it in the right direction, but scrupulously refraining from prematurely opening the precious blossoms of faith; pitiful, too, with something akin to the divine patience, in waiting for the bewildered to enter the fold.

A third great truth to which the denomination is awakening is the importance of missionary zeal,—that it is its duty, and should be its joy, to share its faith with others, get all it can for itself, and give all it can to wherever needed or whenever welcome. If we could shake off indifference, languor, and the mood of mockery with which some say, The world is troublesome enough already; let us not increase the trouble by saddling ourselves with religion, Ramabai's mission would not languish, nor Japan, nor the far West. We are awaking! Mark our Unitarian Clubs, Young People's Guilds, and the one hundred and five branches of the Women's Auxiliary Conference. But we need to become affirmative, aggressive, and sacredly audacious. Unitarians have endowed colleges, enriched hospitals, founded libraries, solaced the blind, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the prisoner, befriended the orphan, but are slow to see that "the severance of love of man from faith in God is the great misfortune of our time."

The fourth great truth we are learning is, as James Freeman Clarke said, "we need to be educated in the art of giving." We do not give for our religion or our hurt, much less to our satisfaction. As some one has said, It was what was left made the beauty of the widow's gift of two mites. We too often give grudgingly of our abundance, relinquishing no luxury, much less any comfort. How rare the legacy to advance the Unitarian faith! But it will not be so in the future. Our old men and young, who are awakening to the joy of their faith, will be eager to further it with their money, when they can no longer work for it.

For the benefit of the women, who have less money, but, as a rule, more zeal, I will quote a glowing passage from Dr. Storrs' address on woman's work: "After the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army was defeated and ready to be trampled in the bloody mire by Napoleon's victorious battalions, the public treasury being empty, the Prussian women flung into it their ornaments of gold and jewelry, receiving in return a simple cross of Berlin iron, on which was engraved these words: 'I gave gold for iron,' and these crosses are preserved as precious heirlooms in Prussian homes. That is the glory of womanhood, that passion, its forgetfulness, that supreme self-devotion, with which she flings herself into the championship of a cause that is dear and sacred and trampled under foot—it is her crown of renown, it is her staff of power."

Now, what woman has done for home, for charity, for country, she is to do for religion, anchoring to it the longing heart. This passionate, persistent enthusiasm woman should demand of herself, giving of her thought, time, strength, money. "The time is short, the labor shall be sweet." "There is no fallacy so deadly as that which persuades us that good deeds or words need not hasten, because their goodness is not evanescent." Behold four great truths. Religion, life's supreme interest, Unitarianism its simplest, most reasonable, most glad expression,—we should cherish it for ourselves, and impart it to others; and, instead of saying we are weary of the constant claims upon our time and money, we should cry, "Lord, here am I, and I possess: make me thy willing servant, thy faithful steward."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Theosophy.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

In writing this article I do not profess to be a full believer in any system put forth as yet, much less the writings of any individual. At most, I only claim to be an initiate child in the lowest round of progressive thought. As a system of religious philosophy held and loved by myriads and by many minds of no mean order, it is not worth studying and entitled to respect? To defend any personalities attaching themselves to Theosophy, would be as absurd as to attempt to defend other persons who have claimed to exhibit the highest phenomena known to Spiritualism. Spiritualists should be broad and tolerant, and allow all minds to unfold according to their nature and genius. An attempt to force all minds into one mold, however beautiful its curves, will prove a failure.

Mr. Mohini, a highly educated native of India, in an extemporaneous speech in London, said, "Theosophy is the science of the soul, and I employ the word here to mean an individual, intelligent being; which is, as I hope to demonstrate to you, capable of an active existence, independent of its physical connections."

You have heard of the miracles of Mohammed, of the wonders of Buddha, and you have read of the divine powers of your Christ. They were men of the purest lives; they were adepts who had attained the highest gifts of occult science, of which I speak. . . . Karma means the soul in a new starting point. We are new souls, yet not the less are past lives living on in ours, we in a sense, take up their accounts with natural and moral laws, which they have left. . . . Nirvana is the extinction of the lamp of exertion, but it is not annihilation. Nirvana is the highest good, the further shore; the port beyond the ocean of pain; an object of supreme desire. It is beyond all things the world of rest, and is endless and glorious."

To the overworked people of this age, that heaven can not be a very bad one. But we must work out a Theosophy from our own standpoint, and not accept as a whole, any system that was wrought out centuries ago in India. The thought I wish to emphasize is, that those who are so constituted that they can find culture and comfort in associating themselves together as Theosophists, should be respected in so doing. We should remember that Roger Williams and the Quakers were better than the Puritans who persecuted them.

Admitting that it is admissible for those who see fit to build up a Theosophy for themselves, the question that at once confronts us, is, what means have we of arriving at truth other than the observation and logic known to material scientists? The progress made in psychical research would indicate that the mind has inherent powers to put itself in rapport with exalted truth, and with exalted disembodied spirits. It is nothing against this idea that those who attempt it do not agree, for those who report from the observations of the senses do not agree. If we possess this faculty, greatly in a latent condition, is it not commendable for those who have the opportunity, to cultivate it as far as practicable? The Theosophy of other countries should be studied as a help, not as a master. We have arrived at a condition of things when this broad culture should be sought, and the greatest tolerance exercised toward all honest investigators.

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Among all gifts of Love Divine,
Fervent is this—the gift to weep;
It quiets stormy passions down
And lulls the aching brain to sleep.

How oft the weary, burdened heart
Is eased of pains and malarious fears,
And poison drawn from secret wounds
By softly flowing human tears.

But grief which blight and sear the life,
A silence like the grave begett,
He who hath tears to warmly flow,
Through Fortune frowns, is happy yet.

O, blessed tears! whose gentle dew
A story we may softly melt!
The eyes of Christ himself were dim
When he a human sorrow felt.

His heart was wrung by human pain,
He felt the pang of riven ties,
He wept beside the cross tomb
Where slept his friend so soon to rise.

He wept! and every briny drop
Bespoke him and sad suffering man,
And showed his kinship unto God,
In whom all life and love began.

Then blessed tears! still may ye flow,
Bringing flowers from out the sod
Till human ills and woes are done,
And we are one with Christ and God.

Love Unexpressed.

The sweetest notes among the human strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust.

We pipe and pipe again for dreary music
Upon the self same strains,
While sounds of crime and fear and desolation,
Come back again in sad refrain.

On through the world we go, an army marching,
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
He never hears.

Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it in this suffice
For reason's share,
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?

Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and we know it if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unexpressed strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.

We shrink within ourselves, in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each in silence
In feeble faith,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills.

The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below,
Is: Here we love and know how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

—CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

The Gain of Loss.

We hallowed the bed for our darling's rest,
And lined it with roses, white and red;
And the sod above it we softly pressed,
"Sleep well," through our gathering tears, we said.

But oh! the desolate hours we spent
In the silent home from which baby went,
We missed the patter of little feet,
And the broken music of baby talk;

We were lost for the loss of the little feet,
When the fearless liddle began to walk;
And scarce could feel that another hand
Was guiding him, now, in the better land.

The lonely days, and the lonely nights,
Had they ever a gain our fond hearts knew?
Ah, yes! for oft from the Heavenly heights
Come echoes floating our darkness through;

And the land beyond grew near and bright,
Where our beautiful baby lived in light,
And our lives were touched by a holier grace,
And each to each was bound the more.

For the dream in our souls of the little feet
Waiting for us on the further shore;
And day by day we heard the chime
Of bells beyond this passing time.

There came to us, too, from the baby's grave,
A tender thought for those who wept;
And our hands were swifter to bless and save,
Our hearts in yearning love were kept.

We were fain to cure each bitter ache,
Or ease its smart—our baby's sake,
And so we have learned to count the gain,
Where once we counted alone the loss!

And so, through the bitter sweet of pain,
Have found the blessing within the Cross.
"Thank God!" we cry, with reverent breath,
"For the life that is quickened by Death."

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Border Land?

I know you are always by my side
And I know that you love me Winifred dear,
For I never called on you since you died,
But you answered tenderly, "I am here."

So come from the misty shadows, where
You came last night and the night before,
Put back the veil of your golden-hair,
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah! It is you; with that brow of truth,
Ever too pure for the least disguise;
With the same dear smile on the loving mouth,
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still;
So do not vanish or turn aside;
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,
Wait till my heart is pacified.

You have left the light of your higher place;
And ever thoughtful, and kind, and good
You come with your old familiar face,
And not with the look of your angelhood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,
And your voice is gentle, kind and low,
And the very notes you wear to-night,
You wore in the summer long ago.

—PHOEBE CARY.

"The 'Winifred' addressed in this beautiful poem is her sister Lucy.

Reminiscences of an Old Spiritualist.

Continued from First Page.

not. This method of communication was always adopted when the spirit communicating did not wish the medium to know the purport of the message, as she was always conscious of what she said. This mode was frequently repeated, I presume, for the purpose of cultivating confidence, to induce her fearlessly to give utterance to whatever was imparted to her.

Another and a very beautiful method of conveying the knowledge of some circumstance of my previous life, which the spirit communicating, intended for me only to understand, was in symbols. The meaning would be clear to me, but which the medium would have no conception of. Thus our sittings were continued until I concluded she was sufficiently developed to go before the public, which I strongly advised her to do, but she was too timid and too sensitive to entertain the thought. She had not sufficient confidence in herself for what seemed to her such a bold step. However, my influence and circumstances, which it would seem was brought to bear upon her, ultimately forced her into the field as a public medium; and to-day, if still exercising her arts, she is one of the most reliable instruments for the use of incarnated spirits I know of. Her symbolic phase is exceptional, and at times, grand. She reads the past life of the sitter as she would a book; and being withal, a very estimable woman, she soon established a reputation second to none as a clairaudient, clairvoyant and symbolic medium. She also describes spirits so accurately that they are generally recognized. A female spirit came very frequently to me, whom I could not place as any one I had known in the form. A short time before I left Chicago for this Coast, I asked her by what name I should know her when in presence of a medium. She said, call me "Star." The reason I mention this will be seen in a future article.

I became acquainted with a medium who, under spirit power was impervious to fire, the only one I ever knew who possessed that phase, a young woman who was called the "Fire Queen." She would bare her arm, submit it to examination, to show that she used no chemicals, then in order to better satisfy those present, it would be thoroughly washed with soap and water and dried. She would then place it over a blazing fire, and hold it there for some time; when submitted again to be examined it would be found scatheless, without mark or stain as before. Of course this is no positive evidence of spirit power—no more than the three young Jews as recorded in the bible; but the medium claimed it was done by a power, which she knew not of, and which she did not possess in herself. This can be said however, that no person living would submit to such an ordeal under similar circumstances, and expect a like result.

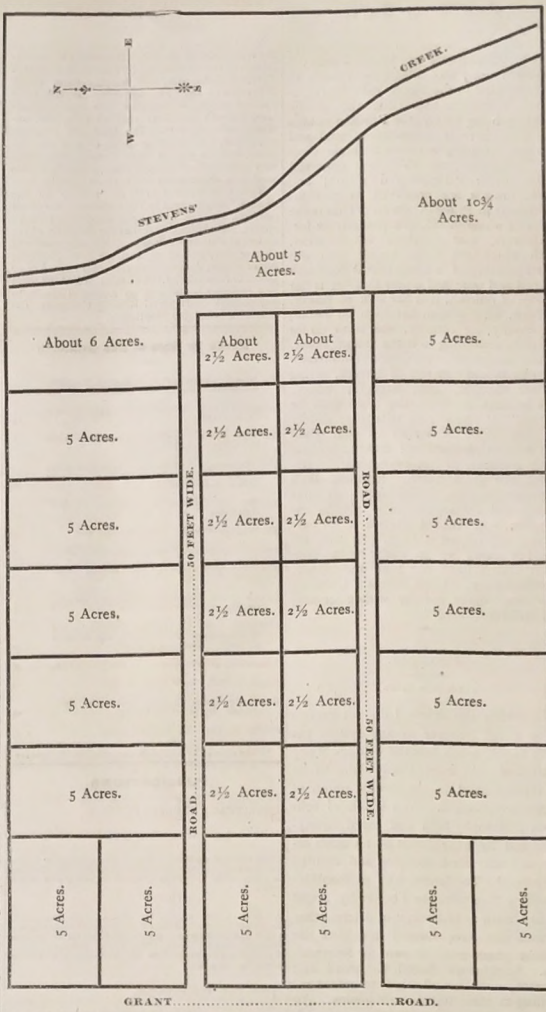
At a circle held in my own house, a spirit came who was desirous of being recognized. I could not remember any one in the form who answered the description. When the spirit said, "Do you not remember so and so?" mentioning a sobriquet by which she was generally known. Oh, yes I said, I know you now, when she replied, "They tell me to say something to you but I don't want to, but they say I must." After being silent for awhile she said, "I did not treat you right when I was here"—meaning in earth life. Oh well, I replied, rather inadvertently, I don't think hard of you, when a quick response came, "You lie." This was conclusive evidence of her identity, for it was just like her, she was a rough and masculine woman, and was the answer I would expect were she among us. Well, I said, I will try to, when she replied, "That will do." She was a most estimable woman in many respects. Her great failing like a majority of mankind being the love of money. The circumstances were these. Her husband died before her. While living I entered into an agreement with him by which on stated conditions I was to receive a certain piece of real estate or one thousand dollars. I fulfilled my part of the contract, but before I received the equivalent, he died suddenly, indeed, committed suicide and she refused to carry out the contract, although having realized many thousands dollars by the transaction; she also refused to pay me a bill for professional services to herself, saying as an excuse that her husband had paid me before he died, although she could produce no receipt, and in accordance with the law then in force in Indiana, I could not prove either the debt, or enforce the contract. I mention this occurrence in order to illustrate what wrongs an otherwise noble character, who, by reason of an inordinate love of money, had cultivated selfishness and greed to such an extent, as to obliterate the higher influences of their nature, and induce her to violate the law of right, and of justice.

It is also an evidence, that we carry the memory of the injustice committed with us to spirit life, there to torment us by sorrow and remorse, destroying our happiness, until atoned for, and retarding our spiritual growth in the realm we find ourselves existing.

To be continued.

Educate towards a knowledge of truth, a love of the beautiful, a habit of doing the good, because only through these forms can the self-activity continue to develop progressively in this universe.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches, once said the wise Seneca.



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